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That the British soldier feels a lively sense of gratitude to the women who, "when pain and anguish wring the brow," are ministering angels to him, may be clearly seen from the many expressions of warm appreciation he leaves behind in the hospitals, especially the V. A. D. hospitals, where the Red Cross nurses and other helpers can show little albums filled with his merry, and sometimes clever, effusions, says the London Chronicle. These souvenirs are greatly valued by their possessors, and will, doubtless, in years to come, prove of a higher, more impersonal value as a testimony to the work done by women in the Great War.

From one of these souvenir albums the following excerpts have been taken. They lie between ordinary letters of thanks, couched in much the same words, though some are more quaintly expressed than others. Here are two:

"Many thanks to Sister P. for the kind way in which she looked after me during my stay at the V. A. D. Hospital, W. —."

"I cannot leave the V. A. D. Hospital after the kindness for what they have done for me, and that I can-

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**TALES TOLD BY MEN  
IN THE FIGHTING LINES  
ON LAND AND SEA**

A letter from a British officer with the Persian Gulf Expeditionary Force, says:

The temperature is 123 in the shade, and it has even gone up to 125. It was a most sultry day when I arrived at —, and we all knew that a storm was brewing. About 5.30 p. m. we saw a dense khaki-colored cloud right along the horizon to the south.

This huge, ominous-looking thing rolled along by degrees towards us. All the men rushed about making their tentpoles and ropes firmer, and collecting all the loose camp kit. But what could we do when we were camped on sand?

**Sand Blast**

When the storm actually burst it was a perfect pandemonium. The tents were blown down as easily as you would kick a stone over. It was impossible to face the blast of sand, so we just hid ourselves under flaps of tent, beddings, boxes, or anything big enough to protect the head. Some mules broke loose, and ran off into the desert; they were not recovered till next evening.

The storm lasted for about 2 1/2 hours. Everything was actually buried in sand, even our precious dinner. For dinner we had some tinned fish and a solution of sand and water to wash it down!

Then the wind suddenly changed from north to south—it was so strange to perceive a lull for a few minutes, and then the wind came from the north and grew stronger every minute. Everyone was covered with sand—coated, should say (more like a Sardu priest, covered with ashes) and hardly recognizable.

Well, we now had to face the second storm, and this time in utter darkness. I could not get any protection from my tent as it was well under sand by this time, being only a 40-lb. one, so I crawled under a flap of the mess tent. This lasted till early morning, and when each officer emerged from his hiding-place to shake himself like a dog out of water, it was really a treat for the gods! The whole body just one mass of sand.

**ROUNDING UP THE ARABS**

On the 8th we got orders to break up camp and get ready for a scrap. We moved out of — on the night of the 8th, supported by the — and some field guns.

General Gorrine was the G.O.C. We had to round up some Arabs 12 miles away. We took up our position by 4 a. m. and then opened fire on the unsuspecting Arabs, who were dotted about in small camps. We all did fairly good execution. There were no casualties on our side as the Arabs bolted, exchanging only a few shots as they ran.

Half it was at this juncture that we experienced all the horrors of horrors of the desert, i. e., thirst. Before leaving the General said there was plenty of water to be had at this spot, as there was supposed to be a nullah full of water and small wells. After we had assembled we found the nullah was dry, but in the bed of the nullah there were about five small wells (about 3 ft. in diameter and 18 to 20 ft. deep), which was by no means sufficient to supply all the men, horses

and mules. The idea was to camp at this spot for the day, and then move on again to the — river, 10 or 11 miles away.

**Waterless March**

We had marched all night in the hot desert, done our scrapping in the morning, which meant chasing Arabs and burning camps all over the country (miles inwards) and then to assemble only to find there was no water to drink; by this time the sun was terribly fierce and we were all absolutely "done." The water we had in our water bottles was finished during the night, and early morning by 7 o'clock the order was given to march to the — river as nothing else could be done.

The officers' chargers had to be by this time come up with the main body, and we all just scrambled into the saddles. We started our march, and I thanked Heaven that I was being carried. Oh, I felt so sorry for the poor unfortunate sepoy, and I could only encourage them as much as possible.

After covering two miles matters became serious, as men were falling down with exhaustion and every hundred yards we covered it looked blacker and blacker. The men who fell out were picked up in ambulance carts, baggage carts and any spare mules available until after going four miles it was impossible to go any further, because all the men could not drag another leg forward.

The officers did all they could to encourage and help the men, some even parting with their last drop of water to assist Indian officers, and other bad cases.

The order was given hurriedly to pitch our tents, while the General's staff and cavalry went on to send water back. The sights I saw were awful; I hope I may never see them again.

The British officers helped as much as we could, until we were "done," and then resigned ourselves to wait patiently for the water. I thought I was to die.

**Alone to the River**

At last I volunteered to take all the water bottles on mules and fetch water independently of the other lot. I felt desperate. This is how I nearly lost my life. We were six miles from the river, but they appeared like 50.

How the little river I don't know, I just clung on to my saddle and balanced myself the best way I could, with bottles dangling all round the saddle, and my neck, with six miles following me. When I got to the river the horse plunged in, and I rolled off into the water. The cold water revived me (I was up to my waist in water), and sucked away until I thought I was going to burst, but it was glorious; the water was very muddy, but what cared I! I then filled up all the bottles I had brought with another long drink, and was off again back to our camp.

I got back before the other water arrived, and I think just saved a lot of fellows. One British officer was in a very bad state and if I had been half an hour later I think he would have gone. The misery in the camp was terrific.

**BRITAIN'S PART**

**STIRRING APPEAL BY MR. LLOYD GEORGE**

Mr. Lloyd George has written a remarkable preface to a shilling volume of his war speeches.

The volume is published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton under the title "Through Terror to Triumph."

The following are the leading passages of the preface:

After twelve months of war my conviction is stronger than ever that this country could not have kept out of it without imperiling its security and impairing its power. We could not have looked on cynically with folded arms whilst the country we had given our word to protect was being ravaged and trodden by one of our own countries. If British women and children were being brutally destroyed on the high seas by German submarines, this nation would have insisted on calling the infanticide Empire to a stern reckoning. Everything that has happened since the declaration of war has demonstrated clearly that a military system so regardless of good faith, of honourable obligations, and of the elementary menaces of civilization, of the most sinister character, and despite the terrible cost of suppressing it, the well-being of humanity demands that such a system should be challenged and destroyed. The fact that events have also shown that the might of this military clique has exceeded the gloomiest prognostications provides an additional argument for its destruction. The greater the might the darker the menace.

The Condition of Victory  
Nor have the untoward incidents of the war weakened my faith in ultimate victory—always provided that the Allied nations put forth the whole of their strength ere it is too late. Anything less must lead to defeat. The Allied countries have an overwhelming preponderance in the raw material that goes to the making of equipment of armies, whether in men, money, or accessible metals and machinery. But this material has to be mobilized and

utilized. It would be idle to pretend that the first 12 months of the war has seen this task accomplished satisfactorily. Had the Allies realized in time the full length of their resolute and resourceful of their day, what is more, had they realized their own strength and resources, and taken prompt action to organize them—today we should have witnessed the triumphant spectacle of their guns pouring out a stream of shot and shell which would have ranged the German trenches with fire and scorched the German legions back across their own frontiers.

**Unpleasant Facts**

What is the actual position? It is thoroughly well known to the Germans, and any one of any land, belligerent or neutral, who reads intelligently the military news must by now have a comprehension of it. With the resources of Great Britain, France, Russia—yes, of the whole industrial world—at the disposal of the Allies, it is obvious that the Central Powers have still an overwhelming superiority in all the material and equipment of war. The result of this superiority is exactly what might have been foreseen. The iron heel of Germany has sunk deeper than ever into French and Belgian soil. Poland is entirely German. Lithuania is rapidly following. Russian fortresses, deemed impregnable before the resistless tide of Teutonic invasion. When will that tide recede? When will it be stemmed? As soon as the Allies are supplied with abundance of war material. That is why I am recalling these unpleasant facts, because I wish to stir my countrymen to put forth their strength to amend the situation. To dwell on such events is the most disagreeable task that can fall to the lot of a public man. For all that, the public man who either shrinks these facts himself or does not do his best to force others to face them until they are regarded as guilty of high treason to the State which he has sworn to serve.

The Truth About Russia  
For over 12 months Russia has, in spite of deficiencies in equipment, absorbed the energies of half the German and four-fifths of the Austrian forces. It is realized that Russia has for the time being made her contribution—and what a heroic contribution it is!—to the struggle for European freedom, and that we cannot for many months to come expect the same active help from the Russian armies that we have hitherto received? Who is to take the Russian place in the fight whilst those armies are re-equipping? Who is to bear the weight which has hitherto fallen on Russian shoulders? France cannot be expected to sustain much heavier burdens than those which she now bears with a quiet courage that has astonished and moved the world. Italy is putting her strength into the fight. What could she do more? There is only Britain left. In Britain we are prepared to fill up the gap which will be created when Russia has retired to

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**Island Roll of Honor**

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- Private Peter Hughes, Mill Cove
- Private Geo. W. Sharp, Summerside
- Private J. E. Lockerbie, Cascoopee
- Private J. A. Beaton, Brookfield
- Private McQueen, Mount Vernon
- Private Bruce McLellan, Indian River
- William McIntyre, Charlottetown
- K. F. Ellis, Summerside
- Pte. Damien McKenna, Charlottetown
- Pte. N. McKenzie, Nine Mile Creek
- Private W. B. Davey, Albion Bay
- Private Charles S. Beaton, Brookfield
- Corp. Ambrose Cosgrove, Wellington
- Wilfrid Clark Wright, Victoria, Cra-paud
- Robert Trainor, Charlottetown, (Vancouver, B. C.)
- Lieut. Reuben E. Stewart, Wilmont Valley, (Montreal.)
- Pte. Harry M. Whitlock, Charlottetown.
- Corp. H. S. Pearson, Charlottetown (Victoria, Australia)
- Pte. M. J. Fraser, Whim Road Cross.
- Pte. Ed. Hicken, Georgetown.
- Driver W. L. Ferguson, Alexandria

**Prisoners**

- Private J. Fraser, St. Peter's Bay.
- Pte. H. J. Wells, Elmsdale
- Private Daniel A. Simons, Port Wood
- Private Lloyd Leeman, Georgetown.
- Private John Curry, Charlottetown

**Missing**

- Lieut. C. B. Pitblado, Charlottetown
- Pte. Jas. Dawson Brown, New London

**Died From Wounds**

- Pte. John W. McDonald, Bradalbane.
- Private William Gordon, Montague.
- Private Arch. McKinnon, Canoe Cove
- Private Walter Smith, Pownal, (Western Canada.)

**Killed in Action**

- Sergeant L. Pitts, Charlottetown
- Sergt. Wm. F. Brady, Charlottetown
- Cyrus B. Birt, Pisquid East.
- A. C. Henderson, Union Road.

**Died on Military Service**

- Gunner Alfred James, Midgell.
- Bomb. Adolph Gallant, Rustico.
- Bomb. James Stevens, Kingston.
- Gunner Martin Dalton, Georgetown.
- Private Fenton Alchorn, Rocky Point.

- Pte. Alex. Lorne McNeill, Rocky Point.
- Robert O. Stewart, Dunstaffnage.
- Sapper Stephen Robison, of Charlotte-town.
- Moses Gallant, Wheatley River.

- Gunner Robert McPhee, Charlottetown.
- Gunner O. S. McEachern, Charlottetown.
- Capt. Thomas M. Hyndman, Charlottetown.

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